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THIS IS UNEVALUATED INFORMATION FOR THE RESEARCH
USE OF TRAINED INTELLIGENCE ANALYSTS

SOURCE British Broadcasting Corporation

The Budapest radio broadcasts on Fridays at 1820 EST an English-language weekly letter from "a British girl studying in Hungary to her mother at home". The letter, while containing expected propaganda concerning living conditions in Hungary, includes also an amount of inappropriately circumstantial trivia with names and figures which may possibly constitute operational messages to Communist agents in England or on the continent.*

The English broadcast at 1820 is one of a daily series of foreign-language transmissions to abroad carried by the 135-kilowatt Budapest I transmitter on 546 kilocycles, as well as by less powerful relay stations, after the close of its Home Service. Except on Fridays, the program is an ordinary news service.

Sample transcriptions are attached. Transcripts of subsequent "letters" can be made available upon request.

*For an earlier report of the use of Satellite radios for Cominform messages, see report 15 July 1948 from M.A. Switzerland, I.D. No. 482005.

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STATE	X	NAVY	X	NSRB															
ARMY	X	AIR	X																

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Budapest in English at 1820 EST, 12 November 1943.

(Text)

Here is Betty Cranshaw, a British girl studying in Hungary, to read you her weekly letter to her mother at home.

"Dear Mother, I am so happy for you that Aunt Mary has been able to get home after all these years in America. It is just too bad that I won't be able to see her. How did you find her, is she looking well and what has she to say about life in the States, her family, etc.? Thank you, I can hardly remember her. I wasn't more than five when she left, was I? Do give me all the details in your next letter -- how long she is staying and whether she is planning to go to Lancashire to see the rest of the family.

"As for myself, I have had a pretty uneventful week. Plenty of studying and practically no entertainment, except that I was invited to dinner on Tuesday evening to the Hobarts. You know who they are, Mrs. Hobart is Joan (Burton's?) school friend. We spent a very pleasant evening; a very good supper, all dishes Hungarian in my honor, I was told -- listened to Beethoven's Seventh Symphony on the wireless, chatted and were then shown films for about half an hour. Mr. Hobart has a camera and the shots were mostly taken of the two boys at various ages. By the way, partly because I shall enjoy it and partly because the extra money will come in handy, I have accepted teaching the two boys English, giving them lessons twice a week. They are very nice children, two strapping boys aged 8 and 10, and they already know some English and luckily they seem to have a talent for languages.

"By the way, I discovered a lending library quite near to where I live and since they have a huge amount of English books I have subscribed. I began with some Somerset Maugham short stories, then Cain's "The Postman Always Rings Twice". At present I am reading the sixth volume of "Lanny Budd" by Upton Sinclair. Remember I read half through the series before I left home. I have also found a very good English translation of short stories by Maxim Gorki -- most interesting. I am pleased to learn that good English translations of Russian authors are now beginning to appear in increasing number.

"Yesterday afternoon quite a few of us from the university went to Margaret Island to watch the Hungarian-Swedish swimming races, which are being held at the indoor pool on the Island. The Swedes who are here -- swimmers and water polo players are 25 in number and races and matches are being held every day for several days running. There was a crowd of people to watch, tickets were sold out and I must say all the races were packed with excitement. The Swedes proved to be weaker opponents than had been expected; the Hungarians, on the other hand, obtained some quite brilliant results and two national records were made in the 200-yard women's breast stroke, and 100-yard men's back stroke. A water polo match was also played, won by the Hungarians. In fact, all the events yesterday were won by the home team.

"Mother, before closing I must tell you of the very nice looking, practical and very inexpensive utility fur coats which are on sale here now. They are mole fur on the inside and parachute silk on the outside. Advantages are that the coat is very light, rainproof and strong, apart from being half the price of even the cheapest fur coat. They are being made for both men and women in the most attractive colors -- dark blue, all shades of brown, dark green, dark red, etc. for the outside, and the fur on the inside is either snow white or brown. The coats for women have fur collars and cuffs. My friend, Hannah, has just bought one and paid for it in installments of three months, since she has a job and her company has vouched for her at the furriers. The price, believe it or not, is £17. Of course, I am all for

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speculating on buying one, and have figured out that some with very careful saving I will be able to buy it before the old year is out.

"Mother dear, that is all for this week. Give my love to Aunt Mary and tell her I will be writing to her at the beginning of next week. Love and kisses to you all at home.

Your Loving Daughter, " Betty."

Betty Granshaw, a British girl studying in Hungary, will be on the air again next Friday at the same time to read her usual weekly letter to her mother at home.

Budapest in English at 1820 EST, 19 November 1948

(Text)

"Dear Mother. It's just like being home again, sitting here tonight. As I am looking out of the window there are people (Reception deteriorating -- speaker appeared to be drawing a parallel between living conditions in Hungary and the UK and USA) in America, and no coupons for clothes. I've told you before that it's just the same in Hungary. The only difference seems that clothes are a good deal more expensive over there. And if the prices are going up the way she says they are, it can't be all that (nice?). Here they keep (servants?), and I don't feel half as jealous about the USA as you do. On the contrary. This week's been a good one as far as shopping is concerned. The price of sour cabbage, a staple food of the Hungarian family, has been reduced to about two pence a pound, which is a great help to the housewife. The shops have also begun to sell unlimited quantities of macaroni, spaghetti, noodles, vermicelli and all sorts of other odd Hungarian pastries, that's at least hygienic, salutary fare. Biscuits, which have been a bit short are also in plentiful supply.

"This afternoon some of the girls of the university seemed rather excited about one of the afternoon papers. It turned out that they were looking at a report of the decision of today's Cabinet meeting to submit a Bill finally establishing equal rights for women in Hungary. It didn't seem anything to get so very excited about, until they told me all about it. It seems that before the liberation Hungarian women were in a very poor position. The girls say none of them could have hoped to become well known in their professions unless they were completely outstanding. And politics, the Law and the Civil Service were barred to them altogether. I asked why nothing could be done about it earlier and so they said that a number of temporary orders had removed most of their disqualifications, like that preventing women under 30 casting their votes in the election, but this Bill, when it becomes Law, would really set these achievements down in black and white in the Statute Book. And it would remain there for good and all to be a part of the Law of the land that women were everywhere to be given equal opportunities with men. And when I told them that at home we haven't even got equal pay for equal work, they gave me a sort of pitying smile.

"Yesterday, I happened to look through an old copy of 'Nature', dated 1st May in which I found a book review under the heading "Reason in the Modern world". It is about a book by Mr. Max Horkheimer of the USA, called 'The Eclipse of Reason'. The reviewer says that the Americans reject one after

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the other all the usual philosophies; positivism, cosmotism, Marxism, Idealism, justified localism, etc. With some justification, the reviewer asks: 'What is there next?' and then goes on to write that the author says we need philosophy, but he is cautious about political propaganda, so he says no more than that philosophy should be the memory and conscience of mankind.

"It is truly fantastic to read this sort of stuff. People reduced to believe in nothing, nothing whatever but an empty phrase. What a contrast to the young people here with their eager discussion on thought and philosophy not for their own sake but to change the world. They are building a new life for themselves out of the ruins and what they want in the way of thinking is a philosophy that will help them in their job. They don't say tragic things about philosophy being a memory and conscience; they say that it will be their guide to action. I do hope to heaven we in Britain get thinking about doing things rather than about being memory and conscience to mankind. Sorry for the bookish digression, but I just had to get it off my chest. Love to you all. Your daughter Betty."

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